

A
SUPPLICATION
 Directed by
SIR DAVID LINDSAY
OF THE MOUNT,
 TO THE
KINGS GRACE,

In Contemption of
SIDE-TAILES, AND MUZZLED-FACES.

SIR, Though your grace hath put great
 Order.
 Both in the Highlands and the Border,
 Yet I make supplication,
 To have some reformation,
 Of a small Fault, which is no Treason,
 Though it be contrary to Reason,
 Because the Matter been so vile,
 It may not have an ornat stile:
 Wherefore I pray your Excellence,
 To hear me with great patience:
 Of stinking Weeds maculat,
 No Man may wear a Rose Chaplate.
 Sovereign, I mean of these side tails,
 Which through the dust and dubs trails,
 Three quarters long behind their heels,
 Express against all Common-weels:
 Though Bishops in their Pontificals,
 Have Men to beare up their side tails,
 For Dignity of their Office:
 Right so a Queen or an Emprice,
 Albeit they use such gravity,
 Conforming to their Majesty,
 Though their Robes Royal be up-born.
 I think it but a very scorn,
 That every Lady of the Land,
 Should have her tail so side trailand;
 Albeit they be of high estat,
 The Queen they may not counterfeit:
 Where ever they go, it may be seen.
 How Church and Calfay they sweep clean,
 The Images into the Kirk,
 May think of their side tails great irk:

For when the Weather been most fair,
 The dust flies highest in the Air
 And all their Faces doth begaire,
 If they could speak, they would them wary.
 To see I think a pleasant sight,
 Of *Italy* the Ladies bright,
 In their Cloathing most triumphand,
 Above all other Christen Land:
 Yet when they travel through the Towns,
 Men sees their Feet beneath their Gowns,
 Four Inches above their proper Heels,
 Circulat about as round as Wheels:
 Where through their doth no Powder rise,
 Their fair white limbs for to surprise.
 But I think most abuson,
 To see Men of Religion,
 To bear their tails through the Street,
 That Folks may behold their Feet:
 I trow Saint *Bernard*, nor Saint *Blaise*,
 Caus'd never Man beare up their Claife.
Peter nor *Paul*, nor Saint *Andrew*,
 Caus'd nere beare up their Tails I trow.
 But I laugh best to see a Nun,
 Cause bear her Tail above her Bun,
 For nothing else, as I suppose,
 But for to show her lillie white Hose:
 In all their rules they will not find,
 Who shall bear up their Tails behind.
 But I have most into dispite,
 Poor Clagocks clad with raploch white,
 Which have scarce two marks of fees,
 Will have two els beneath their knees;

Kittock

6
Kittock that clecked was yestreen.
The morn will counterfeit the Queen.
A Mooreland Meg that milks the Yows,
Clagged with Clay above the howes;
In barn or byre she will not bide,
Except her Kittle tail be side.
In borrowes wanton burgeses wives,
Who may have sideftails strives,
Wellbordered with Velvit fine,
But following them it is a pine.
In Summer when the streets dryes,
They raise the dust above the skyes.
None may go near them at their ease.
Except the cover mouth and nease,
From the powder to keep their een;
Consider if their Cloves be clean.
Between their cleaving and their knees,
Who would behold their sweaty thies,
Begaried with dirt and dust,
It were enough to stanch the lust.
Of any Man that saw them naked;
I think such Giglors are but glaiked,
Without profit to have such pride,
Harling their clagged tails so side.
I would the borrowston bairns had breeks.
To keep such mist from makins cheeks,
I dread rough makin drie for drouth,
When such dry dust blows in her mouth;
I think molt pain after a rain,
To see them rouked up again.
Then when they step out through the street,
Their folding flaps about their feet;
Their loathly lynning forthwith flyped,
That hath the muck and midding wiped;
They waste more cloath within few years,
Then would cloath fifty score of Friers.
When Marion from the midding goes,
From her morn darg she strips the nose,
And all the day where ever she go,
Such liquor she licks up also.
The turcums of her tail I trow,
Might be a supper to a Sow,
I know a Man which swears great-oaths,
How he did lift a Kittocks clothes;
And would have done I wot not what,
But soon remead of love he gat:
He thought no shame to make it witten,
How her side tail was all be shitten.
Of filth such stowre strake to his heart,
That he behov'd for to depart.
Said she, Good Sir, me think you rew.
Said he, Your Tail casts such a stew,
That by Saint Brid. I cannot byde it;
You were not wise that would not hide it.
Of tails I will no more indite,
For dread some dudron me dispite;
Notwithstanding I will conclud;
That of side tails there comes no good.

Sider then can their hanclets hide,
The remanent proceeds of pride.
And pride proceedeth of the De vil:
Thus alwayes they proceed of evil.
Another fault, Sir, may be seen,
They hide their face all but the een,
When Gentlemen bids them Good day,
Without reverence they slide away;
That none may know, I you assure,
An honest Woman by an Whoor,
Except their naked face I see,
They get no more good dayes of me.
Halse a French Lady when ye please,
She will discover mouth and nease,
And with an humble countenance,
With visage bare make reverence.
When our Ladies do ride in rain,
Should no Man have them at disdain:
Though they be covered mouth and nease,
In that case they will none displease;
Not when they go to quyet places,
I them excuse to hide their faces,
When they would make collation
With any lusty Champion;
Though they be hid then to the een,
Ye may consider what I mean.
But in the Church and Market places,
I think they should not hide their faces;
Except these faults be sure amended,
My flyting, Sir, shall never be ended.
But would your Grace my counsel take,
A Proclamation you should make,
Both in the Land and Borrowstowns,
To show their Face and cut their Gowns,
None should from them exeemed be,
Except the Queens Majesty;
Because this matter is not fair,
Of Rhetorick it must be bair.
Woman will say, This is no bourds
To write such vile and filthy words:
But would they cleanse their filthy tails,
Which over the myre and midding trails,
Then should my writting ended be,
No other mends they get of me.
The truth should not be holden clofs,
Veritas non querit angulos,
I know good Women that been wise,
This rural Rime will not dispryse.
None will me blame, I you assure,
Except a wanton glorious Whore,
Whose flyting I feare not a flee.
Farewel, ye get no more of me.
Quod *Lindsay*, in contempt of side tails,
That Duddrons and Duntibours
through the dubbs trails.

F I N I S.